

So after many years of enforced celibacy and vivid fantasies I came out and got involved for six weeks, ^{stop}, then eight months ^{stop}, then six weeks, two months, one week, no stops inbetween, hey whacha' doin', trying to make up for all those years? trying to come on as superstar sexually, politically, new girl in town free and ready to go, go go, what kind of fuckin' political animal are you? STOP!

No, I am not running again, for once I am facing up to my sexuality, my sexual identity and knowing that society, our society not theirs demands commitment, expects jealousy and possessiveness, looks with favor on the interminable misunderstandings, fuckups, hangups, groping, reaching, self-destructive thing we call love so often clothed in what is really ego gratification, so often what is really a woman need to fill a void because we haven't learned yet that the void can be filled in more positive self concept, we need to find all resources within ourselves, develop them, nurture them, cherish them, make ourselves strong, throw off our crutches, be able to stand alone, unafraid, and it is so hard but do it, be able to reason, to question, to to search, to change without dependence on a 'relationship', because we can't hope to find ourselves through another, we can't hope to become something leaning, sucking, grasping, pulling, taking, from another.

If we are strong, if we can dealw with ourselves, if we learn how to depend on ourselves, then maybe we can love ... It's not so much celibacy as it is self-discipline, we can't deny our sexual needs they're there, fulfillment is a good, beautiful thing, masturbation is not enough, total denial may be political for female eunuchs but not for me, self-discipline, positive self-concept, that's where it's at.